

GIVE THE HOGS A CHANCE

Hogs will make the cheapest growth when they get three fourths of their feed from pasture. This pasture should not be grass, but some legume or rape. Hogs grown on such pasture can be brought to the pork stage for from two thirds to one half the cost when on dry feed. They have better bone and muscle, fewer lice, and instead of lying down and breathing dust, they are nosing about with the herbage and breathing pure air. They are healthier, stronger; the sows will have more pigs and better ones, and the danger of cholera is less. One Ohio man who has hundreds of hogs all the time has kept his hogs in this way for fourteen years without a case of cholera. The dry hog pen is bad when it is dry and when it is wet it is a pest hole. Let the hog have a chance and he is likely to be both clean and healthy.



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MOLLY McDONALD
A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By
RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.

Illustrations by
V. L. Barnes

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"Halt!" he cried, his voice barely audible in the blast. "Close up, men; come here to me—lively now! That you, Wade? Wasson; oh, all right, Sam. Here, pass that lariar back; now get a grip on it, every one of you, and hold to it for your lives. Let me take the lead, Sam; we'll have to run by compass. Now, then, are you ready?"

The lariar rope, tied to Hamlin's pommel, straightened out and was grasped desperately by the gloved hands of the men behind. The Sergeant, shading his eyes, half-smothered in the blast, could see merely ill-defined shadows.

"All caught!"
The answers were inaudible.

"For the Lord's sake, speak up; answer now—Wasson."

"Here."
"Wade."
"Here."
"Carroll."
"Here."

"Good; now come on after me."

He drove his horse forward, head bent low over the compass, one arm flung up across his mouth to prevent inhaling the icy air. He felt the tug of the line; heard the labored breathing of the next horse behind, but saw nothing except that wall of swirling snow pellets hurled against him by a pitiless wind, fairly lacerating the flesh. It was freezing cold; already he felt numb, exhausted, heavy-eyed. The air seemed to penetrate his clothing, and prick the skin as with a thousand needles. The thought came that if he remained in the saddle he would freeze stiff. Again he turned, and sent the voice of command down the struggling line:

"Dismount; wind the rope around your pommels. Sam. How far is it to the Cimarron?"

"More'n twenty miles."
"All right! We've got to make it, boys," forcing a note of cheerfulness into his voice. "Hang on to the bit even if you drop. I may drift to the west, but that won't lose us much. Come on, now."

"Hamlin, let me break trail."
"We'll take it turn about, Sam. It'll be worse in an hour than it is now. All ready, boys."

Blinded by the sleet, staggering to the fierce pummeling of the wind, yet clinging desperately to his horse's bit, the Sergeant struggled forward in the swirl of the storm.

CHAPTER XXV.

In the Blizzard.

There was no cessation, no abatement. Across a thousand miles of plain the ice-laden wind swept down upon them with the relentless fury of a hurricane, driving the snow crystals into their faces, buffeting them mercilessly, numbing their bodies, and blinding their eyes. In that awful grip they looked upon Death, but struggled on, as real men must until they fall. Breathing was agony; every step became a torture; fingers grasping the horses' bits grew stiff and deadened by frost; they reeled like drunken men, sightless in the mad swirl, deafened by the pounding of the blast against their ears. All consciousness left them! only dumb instinct kept them battling for life, staggering forward, foot by foot, odd phantasies of



"Close Up, Men; Come Here to Me."

imagination beginning to beckon. In their weakness, delirium gripped their half-mad brains, yielding new strength to fight the snow fiend. Aching in every point, trembling from fatigue, they dare not rest an instant. The wind, veering more to the east, lashed their faces like a whip. They crouched behind the horses to keep out of the sting of it, crunching the snow, now in deep drifts, under their half-frozen feet.

Wade, a young fellow not overly strong, fell twice. They placed him in the center, with Carroll bringing up the rear. Again he went down, face buried in the snow, crying like a babe. Desperately the others lashed him into his saddle, binding a blanket about him, and went grimly stagger-

ing on, his limp figure rocking above them. Hour succeeded hour in ceaseless struggle; no one knew where they were, only the leader staggered on, his eyes upon the compass. Wasson and Hamlin took their turns tramping a trail, the snow often to their knees. They had stopped speaking, stopped thinking even. All their movements became automatic, instinctive, the result of iron discipline. They realized the only hope—attainment of the Cimarron bluffs. There was no shelter there in the open, to either man or horse; the sole choice left was to struggle on, or lie down and die. The last was likely to be the end of it, but while a drop of blood ran red and warm in their veins they would keep their feet and fight.

Carroll's horse stumbled and rolled, catching the numbed trooper under his weight. The jerk on the lariar flung Wade out of the saddle, dangling head downward. With stiffened fingers, scarcely comprehending what they were about, the Sergeant and Wasson came to the rescue, helped the frightened horse struggle to his feet, and, totally blinded by the fury of the storm which now beat fairly in their eyes, grasped the dangling body, swaying back and forth as the startled animal plunged in terror. It was a corpse they gripped, already stiff with cold, the eyes wide-open and staring. Carroll, bruised and limping, came to their help, groaning with pain, and the three men together managed to lift the dead weight to the horse's back, and to bind it safely with the turn of a rope. Then, breathless from exhaustion, crouching behind the animals, bunched helplessly together, the howl of the wind like the scream of lost souls, the three men looked into each other's faces.

"I reckon Jim died without ever knowin' it," said the scout, breaking again the film of ice over his eyes, and thrashing his arms. "I ailers heard tell it was an easy way o' goin'. Looks to me he was better off than we are just now. Hurt much, Carroll?"

"Crunched my leg mighty bad; can't bear no weight on it. 'Twas darn near froze stiff before; that's why I couldn't get out o' the way quick."

"Sure; well, ye'll have ter ride, then. We'll take the blanket off Jim; he won't need it no more. 'Brick' an' I kin hoof it yet awhile—hey, 'Brick'?"

Hamlin lifted his head from the shelter of his horse's mane.

"I reckon I can make my feet move," he asserted doubtfully, "but they don't feel as though there was any life left in them." He stamped on the snow. "How long do these blizzards generally last, Sam?"

"Blow themselves out in about three days."

"Three days? God! We can never live it out here."

His eyes ranged over the dim outline of Wade stretched across the saddle, powdered with snow, rested an instant upon Carroll, who had sunk back upon the ground, nursing his injured limb, and then sought the face of Wasson.

"What the hell can we do?"

"Go on; that's all of it; go on till we drop, lad. Come, 'Brick,' my boy," and the scout gripped the Sergeant's shoulder, "you're not the kind to lie down. We've been in worse boxes than this and pulled out. It's up to you and me to make good. Let's crunch some hard-tack and go on, afore the whole three of us freeze stiff."

The Sergeant thrust out his hand. "That isn't what's taken the nerve out of me, Sam," he said soberly. "It's thinking of the girl out in all this with those devils."

"Likely as not she ain't," returned the other, tramping the snow under his feet. "I've been thinkin' 'bout that too. That outfit must hev had six hours the start o' us, didn't they?"

Hamlin nodded.

"Well, then, they couldn't a ben far from the Cimarron when the storm come. They'd be safe enough under the bluffs; have wood for a fire, and lay their mighty comfortable. That's whar them backs are, all right. Why, damn it, man, we've got to get through. 'Tain't just our fool lives that's at stake. Brace up!"

"How far have we come?"

"A good ten miles, an' the compass has kep' us straight."

They drew in closer together, and munched a hard cracker apiece, occasionally exchanging a muttered word or two, thrashing their limbs about to keep up circulation, and dampening their lips with snow. They were but dim, spectral shapes in the darkness, the air filled with crystal pellets, swept about by a merciless wind, the horses standing tall to the storm and heads drooping. In spite of the light refraction of the snow the eyes could scarcely see two yards away through the smother. Above, about, the ceaseless wind howled, its icy breath chilling to the bone. Carroll clambered stiffly into his saddle, crying and swearing from weakness and pain. The others, stumbling about in the deep snow, which had drifted around

them during the brief halt, stripped the blanket from Wade's dead body, and tucked it in about Carroll as best they could.

"Now keep kicking and thrashing about, George," ordered the Sergeant sternly. "For God's sake, don't go to sleep, or you'll be whar Jim is. We'll haul you out of this, old man. Sam, you take the rear, and hit Carroll a whack every few minutes; I'll break trail. Forward! now!"

They plunged into it, plowing a way through the drifts, the reluctant horses dragging back at first, and drifting before the fierce sweep of the wind, in spite of every effort at guidance. It was an awful journey, every step torture, but Hamlin bent to it, clinging firmly to the bit of his animal, his other arm protecting his eyes from the sting of the wind. Behind, Wasson wielded a quirt, careless whether its lash struck the horse's flank or Carroll. And across a thousand miles of snow-covered plain, the storm howled down upon them in redoubled fury, blinding their eyes, making them stagger helplessly before its blasts.

They were still moving, now like snails, when the pale sickly dawn came, revealing inch by inch the dread desolation, stretching white and ghastly in a slowly widening circle. The exhausted, struggling men, more nearly dead than alive from their ceaseless toil, had to break the film of ice from their eyes to perceive their surroundings. Even then they saw nothing but the bare, snow-draped plain, the air full of swirling flakes. There was nothing to guide them, no mark of identification; merely lorn barrenness in the midst of which they wandered, dragging their half-frozen horses. The dead body of Wade had stiffened into grotesque shape, head and feet dangling, shrouded in clinging snow. Carroll had fallen forward across his saddle pommel, too weak



They Were Still Moving, Now Like Snails.

to sit erect, but held by the taut blanket, and gripping his horse's ice-covered mane. Wasson was ahead now, doggedly crunching a path with his feet, and Hamlin staggered along behind.

Suddenly some awakened instinct in the numbed brain of the scout told him of a change in their surroundings. He felt rather than saw the difference. They had crossed the sand belt, and the contour of the prairie was rising. Then the Cimarron was near! Even as the conviction took shape, the ghostly outline of a small elevation loomed through the murk. He stared at it scarce believing, imagining a delusion, and then sent his cracked voice back in a shout on the wind.

"We're thar, 'Brick!' My God, lad, here's the Cimarron!"

He wheeled about, shading his mouth, so as to make the words carry through the storm.

"Do you hear? We're within a half mile o' the river. Stir Carroll up! Beat the life inter him! There's shelter and fire comin'!"

As though startled by some electric shock, Hamlin sprang forward, his limbs strengthening in response to fresh hope, plowed through the snow to Carroll's side, and shook and slapped the fellow into semi-consciousness.

"We're at the river, George!" he cried, jerking up the dangling head. "Wake up, man! Wake up! Do you hear? We'll have a fire in ten minutes!"

The man made a desperate effort, bracing his hands on the horse's neck and staring at his tormentor with dull, unseeing eyes.

"Oh, go to hell!" he muttered, and went down again.

Hamlin struck him twice, his chilled hand tingling to the blow, but the inert figure never moved.

"No use, Sam. We've got to get on, and thaw him out. Get up there, you pony!"

The ghostly shape of the hill was to their right, and they circled its base almost waist-deep in drift. This brought the wind directly into their faces, and the horses balked, dragging back and compelling both men to beat them into submission. Wasson was jerking at the bit, his back turned so that he could see nothing ahead, but Hamlin, lashing the rear animal with his quirt, still faced the mound, a mere dim shadow through the mists of snow. He saw the flash of yellow flame that leaped from its summit, heard the sharp report of a gun, and saw Wasson crumple up, and go down, still clinging to his horse's rein. It came so suddenly, so unexpectedly, that the single living man left scarcely realized what had happened. Yet dazed as he was, some swift impulse flung him, leading, into the snow

behind his pony, and even as he fell, his numbed fingers gripped for the revolver at his hip. The hidden marksman shot twice, evidently discerning only dim outlines at which to aim; the red of discharge cut the gloom like a knife. One ball hurtled past Hamlin's head; the other found billet in Wade's horse, and the stricken creature toppled over, bearing its dead burden with him. The Sergeant ripped off his glove, found the trigger with his half-frozen fingers, and fired twice. Then, with an oath, he leaped madly to his feet, and dashed straight at the silent hill.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Unseen Danger.

Once he paused, blinded by the snow, flung up his arm, and fired, imagining he saw the dim shape of a man on the ridge summit. There was no return shot, no visible movement. Reckless, mad with rage, he sprang up the wind-swept side, and reached the crest. It was deserted, except for tracks already nearly obliterated by the fierce wind. Helpless, baffled, the Sergeant stared about him into the driving flakes, his ungloved, stiffening hand gripping the cold butt of his Colt, ready for any emergency. Nothing but vacancy and silence encompassed him. At his feet the snow was still trampled; he could see where the man had knelt to fire; where he had run down the opposite side of the hill. There had been only one—a white man from the imprint—and he had fled south, vanishing in the smother.

It required an effort for the Sergeant to recover, to realize his true position, and the meaning of this mysterious attack. He was no longer numb with cold or staggering from weakness. The excitement had sent the hot blood pulsing through his veins; had brought back to his heart

the forgotten lesson. Every instinct urged him forward, clamoring for revenge, but the aroused sense of a plainsman held him motionless, staring about, listening for any sound. Behind him, down there in the hollow, were huddled the horses of his outfit, scarcely distinguishable from where he stood. If he should venture farther off, he might never be able to find a way back again. Even in the gray light of dawn he could see nothing distinctly a dozen yards distant. And Wasson had the compass. This was the thought which brought him tramping back through the drifts—Wasson! Wade was dead, Carroll little better, but the scout might have been only slightly wounded. He waded through the snow to where the man lay, face downward, his face still gripping the rein. Before Hamlin turned him over, he saw the jagged wound and knew death had been instantaneous. He stared down at the white face, already powdered with snow; then glared about into the murky distances, revolver ready for action, every nerve throbbing. God! If he ever met the murderer! Then swift reaction came, and he buried his eyes on the neck of the nearest horse, and his body shook with half-suppressed sobs. The whole horror of it gripped him in that instant, broke his iron will, and left him weak as a child.

(To be continued)

Eufaula, Ala., Nov. 14.—Twenty-two fatalities had resulted up to noon today from the wreck of the Central of Georgia passenger train near Clayton, Ala., yesterday. Of the dead, half of whom were white and half negroes, 12 were killed outright, while 10 succumbed later to their injuries. The railroad officials today began an investigation of the wreck.

FLOWERS FADE

BUT MONEY
IN THE BANK
KEEPS ON GROWING

TAKE all the beautiful things in life. The flowers—they wither away and die—youth departs, and our joys vanish. But there is one thing upon which time leaves no corroding mark—money. Let's have some growing.

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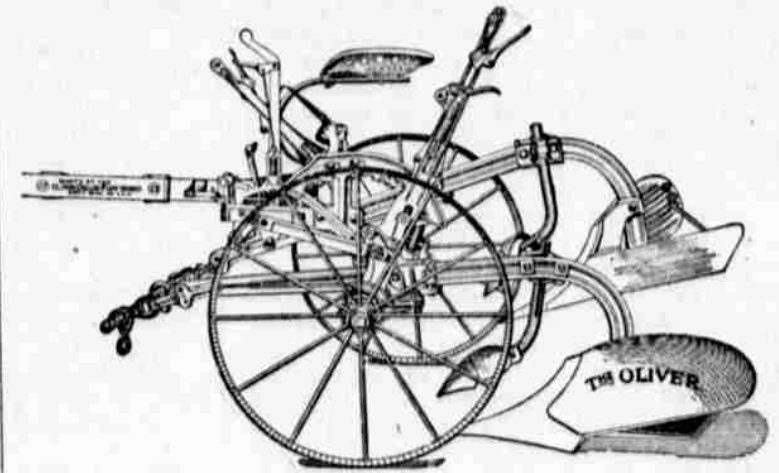
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